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THE TEACHER'S IDEALS

OF

LIFE AND HAPPINESS

BY

WILLIAM HENRY PYLE

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"For that day a large wisdom came to me. There was a great light, and I saw clear, and I knew that it was not for money that a man must live, but for a happiness that no man can give, or buy, or sell, and that is beyond all value of all the money in the world."—Jack London.

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CHAPTER I

THE TEACHER'S PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE

In a teachers' examination, questions are asked to determine the applicant's knowledge of geography, history, arithmetic, and the other subjects taught in school. No questions are asked to determine what kind of person the applicant is; no questions are asked to determine the teacher's philosophy of life. The fundamental, controlling principles of a teacher's life are of far more importance than her knowledge of the school subjects. Of course, a teacher should have a broad and thorough knowledge, for she is the leader of the children who are learning about the world and forming habits. But knowledge and habits are not ends in themselves, they are only means to an end. There is no intrinsic virtue in arithmetic or grammar or reading or spelling or writing or any other bit of knowledge or skill. It is a blind and shortsighted view that considers school subjects as ends in themselves.

What is the end which we hope our children may reach, at least in part, by pursuing certain courses of study? What kind of men and women do we wish them to become? What ambitions and aims and principles should guide their lives? What kind of life should they live? A teacher's position on these questions is of the highest importance. Whatever other qualifications she may have, however learned she may be, she should not be a leader of children unless her principles of life are sound, unless she has the highest conception of the aims and purposes and meaning of life, of duty, of service, of loyalty, of love, and of home.

Teachers should be of the highest type which our civilization affords. If a teacher is deficient in some branch of knowledge, hard and earnest study will soon make the deficiency good; but if she has reached maturity without having acquired a sound philosophy of life, this defect cannot be made good by a few nights or months of study. A correspondence course or a night school will give little help; for a sound philosophy of life is not a matter of knowledge merely, but a matter of ideals. Ideals are not things to be learned by rote, but are guiding principles to be incorporated into our being as the moving forces of our lives. A teacher skilled in knowl-

edge, but knowing not what the knowledge is for; skilled in the arts of teaching, but knowing not why she teaches; knowing only immediate ends, but seeing not the higher purposes, has no right to be in a school room.

What are the higher ends? What are the true aims of life? Can we go to some wise man, ask him the meaning of life and get the true answer? No, there is no one answer to the question. There is no absolute aim or purpose of life. Each individual must answer for himself. We find ourselves here; we are alive. What shall we do with our lives? We can do what we will. We can live one kind of life or another, just as we please. But what kind of life is best for us to live? We have wants; we have desires; we are always trying to satisfy them. Our life is spent in trying to get what we want.

We must first of all supply the physical needs of our bodies. These wants are most pressing and must be constantly satisfied or we die. The primary aim of all education, therefore, as well as of all our efforts, must be to maintain physical life. There can be no disagreement on this point. The training of school and of home should fit the child to make a living. But *how* is one to *live?* What is one to do with his life?

One works to live, but what does one live for? This brings us again to the question, what should be our aim in life? After we have satisfied the physical needs of our bodies, what desires still remain? To make the question concrete, let us suppose a man's day's work is done, he has had his supper, and it is several hours till bedtime, what shall he do? He has desires which we may very well call *spiritual*. The man wishes to be happy. He does *not* wish to be unhappy. He will do what brings him happiness and not pain, or at least what he thinks will do it. The possibilities are many. He can read books, listen to music, go to the theater, take a walk, smoke his pipe, play with his children, talk to a friend. What ought he to do? Again the answer must come from the individual; there is no absolute answer. There is no one who can tell him what he ought to do. Truly, there is no *ought* about it.

The solution of the problem, however, is not hopeless. While the man whose day's work is done can find no one capable of telling him what he ought to do, by studying the lives of those about him, he can learn much concerning the outcome of any course that he may pursue. Let us, then, make such a study of the life about us, and the lives of those who have lived before us,

to see if we can reach any sound conclusion as to what course man should pursue to attain happiness.

The question will at once be asked whether men should seek happiness, whether seeking happiness should be the aim of life. With such a question we have little concern. Whatever may be the aim of life, men wish to be happy; and it is well that they know something of the conditions under which the highest happiness may be attained. There are those who say that making happiness the aim of life is hedonism, and seem to think that when they have given such a course the name of 'hedonism,' that condemns it forever. They say to us that to be happy we must not seek happiness directly; we must seek truth, or justice, or ideal values, then we shall be happy. Very well then, if we are to be happy through something else, we shall seek these other things; but it is happiness after all that we want, and these other things are of importance to us only as they have a bearing on human happiness. Neither justice, nor truth, nor ideal values, nor anything else concerns us except as we think it will affect human happiness. No one but a fool would voluntarily and persistently pursue a course that he thinks would bring only pain. Every act of our lives is

to escape pain of some kind or to attain pleasure of some kind. This, in spite of the empty words of philosophers, is the primal law of life. Any philosophy that is sound must be in accord with the laws of life. What, then, can we do to be happy?

The answer to our question may now seem very easy, and to be something like this: Let each man do what he pleases, whatever makes him happy. No one can tell another how to be happy. What brings happiness to one may not bring it to another. And indeed, this answer is in a measure the true one, but there is more to be said. A man may not know; he may not have tried many plans; it may be that what does not bring joy might have done so if the man had had different experiences in life. It may be that we can be trained to get joy in ways not possible otherwise, as in music or art or literature or nature. It may also be that we can classify happiness into high or more desirable and low or less desirable. Such indeed will prove to be the case.

Let us see if some happiness is more desirable than other happiness. We can find the truth by observing life. There is happiness that is brief, evanescent, that exists for the moment only. There is happiness that is fol-

lowed by pain, and happiness that brings pain to others. There is other happiness that is lasting, that is pleasant in memory, and that does not bring pain to us or to others. There is happiness that may be shared by many. It is therefore desirable to seek those things that will bring us the highest happiness and no unhappiness to others.

Wise men teach us that the highest happiness comes from service, from making others happy. And this is true. Indeed, a high type of man cannot be happy if others near him are unhappy. The hearts of men should be so knit together in human sympathy that their joys and sorrows will all be mutual. Socrates and Jesus, our wisest teachers, not only spent their lives in helping others to find truth and through truth, happiness, but gave their lives for their ideal. This fact may seem fatal to our doctrine that we should seek those things that make us happy, but it is not. On the contrary, it is in harmony with that doctrine. Men have ideals for which they are willing to endure any mere bodily pain, even death. So it was with those two great teachers. Socrates' friends pointed out to him a way by which he could escape death, but he preferred death to life obtained by such a course as they advised. It may even be that the rule of

our life should be not to ask whether a given course will bring happiness or unhappiness but whether it is right. For a noble man, doing right is one of the highest sources of happiness. But what acts are right? In a general way we may say that those acts are right which do not bring pain or unhappiness to others. There can be no other criterion. There is no *absolute right.* Acts have been labeled *right* or *wrong* according to their happiness effects on people. Ethical values are subordinate values, and depend entirely upon their effects on human happiness, human well-being.

Happiness is a result; it is an emotional state of mind that comes from what we see or hear or from our acts or from the thoughts that we think. Let us consider now some of the necessary conditions of true happiness. We shall dismiss at once all consideration of the sensual pleasures, and consider only the sources of the higher joys.

First of all, there is Nature. We live in a world that throbs and pulsates at every point with energy, from the atom and molecule to the larger earth and moon and sun and stars and planets; everything in its place; everything related to all the others; each obedient to the laws of its being; law everywhere; all things

united into a unitary whole. There is also the world of living things—the animate world. We have our choice. We can exist in these various worlds of infinite variety and beauty, without seeing them, without feeling them, without knowing them; or, they can indeed become *our* worlds, ours to study and understand, ours to enjoy. Rich and full is the life of him who goes forth each day in the hope of learning more of the world. All that science has yet learned about it is relatively little. Every day can reveal to us something that was before hidden. Everything has its secret which it will yield up to the student,—the tiny flower in the meadow grass, the leaf that sways on its bough, the bird that sings in the apple tree, the grasshopper on the blade of corn, the pebbles and grains of sand on the creek bottom. Truly infinite are the objects of nature, each waiting for the student and ready to reward his efforts. There is no copyright on nature. She is everywhere and for everybody. The joys she gives us are not exclusive joys. She reveals her truths to me and to all who seek. Let us study nature. Let us have the joy that comes from understanding her. Let us learn to see the beauty that nature everywhere shows. Let us lift ourselves out of the darkness of ignorance, out of the sordid triviali-

ties of a narrow existence, and possess the higher wealth that nature has to give. Let us every day feel the thrill that comes from understanding, from discovery. Each day we can be a Columbus and sail on a voyage of discovery. If in our lifetime we can master all there is to learn in our backyard, we shall know more than Newton, Darwin, Kepler, Galileo, Gray, or Agassiz. To know the world is to love it and to enjoy its beauty. Everywhere we find law, organization harmony; everywhere, cause and effect; everywhere, the universal law of evolution. Everything is dynamic, and the more we study the world, the more it seems that it is all alive, and the more we feel our kinship with it. Close study of the world that surrounds and envelops us makes it seem a different world, and makes our life seem a different life. It gives us a new perspective, a wider outlook. Our life in a real sense becomes a larger life.

Over against the world of nature we may place the worlds which man has created—those of literature, art and music. In sculpture and painting, the artist embodies his conceptions of beauty. Every city and town should have their art galleries, the possessions of all the people, where the people could go at any time and have the enjoyment that comes from studying the

great paintings. Every home should have pictures on the walls, pictures as good as the people are able to afford.

If education does nothing else for us, it should make possible the joys that come from books. The poet, the novelist, the dramatist, have been at work through the centuries, *for us*. Their books may be on our shelves at a trifling cost. We can spend the winter evenings with Homer and Virgil, Dante, Milton, Tennyson, Byron, Wordsworth, Longfellow, Lowell, Bryant, Browning, Shakespeare, Mark Twain, George Eliot, Dickens, Thackeray, or Bret Harte, as we like.

Then, there is music, a source of enjoyment to all—music, creations of beauty in sound. A home without music is no home at all. Music has a power over our souls that few other things have. Its rhythms, its harmonies and melodies seem to reach and touch our higher natures as few other things can do. In every home, there should be a piano; some one in the home should be taught to play it; every child in the home should be taught to sing. Every morning all the family should gather around the piano and begin the day with a song. And when the day is done, all should again gather around the

piano and sing the dear old melodies that have brought comfort and gladness to many a soul.

While man can find the higher joys in literature, nature, art, and music, there are also other sources of happiness, sources of a different kind. They do not bring a particular joy at a particular time, but give a permanent color or attitude to our lives. These are truth, justice, and sympathy. Anyone who studies the lives of men can see that there can be no permanent happinesss or contentment among men, without truth, justice and sympathy. Human life is so interrelated, we are so dependent upon others, that human relationships are more important as they affect happiness than is any other factor. The first and most important factor of this relationship is truth—sincerity, honesty. The social fabric is rotten unless held together by truth. If every child could be taught to speak the truth and to *be true,* much misery, pain and sorrow would disappear from the world.

After truth, comes justice. If every man could be fair and just; if every laborer could receive the due reward of his labor, then happiness would increasingly prevail. At this moment the world is in turmoil. Anarchy and all manner of 'isms' that threaten to destroy civilization and throw us back into chaos, are every-

where raising their threatening voices and lifting up their bloody hands. The present state of disorder is in large measure because of injustice. "Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn." Let us be just. Let us teach the child from infancy to be just. Let us embody justice in our laws; let us found our business and industries on justice; let us be just in our opinions and judgments, and we shall increase the sum of human happiness.

Sympathy is the greatest source of happiness because it includes the other social virtues. Sympathy means literally a feeling *with* another. It means that we identify our own lives with the lives and interests of others. Sympathy is the very heart and core of religion as it affects man's actions; it is the central principle of ethics; it is the main element of culture. The truly cultured man is he who can take an objective view of himself, who can see himself and his petty world through the eyes of others, and who can see in others their worth and their rights. Sympathy takes us to the bedside of the sick, cheers the brokenhearted and the disappointed, wipes the tears from the eyes of the bereaved, takes the sinner by the arm and gives him strength, cheers the feeble footsteps of the

aged, and fills the hearts of children with joy.

Selfishness brings most of the pain and sorrow into the world; sympathy and love are the only means yet discovered that enable us in any degree to keep pain and sorrow out of the world, and to alleviate and soften that which in the very nature of things we cannot keep out. Whatever we may say of life, and whatever of happiness may come into it, it is still hard and filled with pain. As youth passes into old age, hope and ambition die, cherished desires are unfulfilled, one by one we bury our friends and loved ones; each life is a daily tragedy and at last ends in a tragedy. Sympathy, the feeling for us that our brother has as he takes us by the hand and whispers his word of cheer, mingling his tears with ours, gives us strength and brightens our way.

Sympathy reaches its highest state in true friendship and in the home. What is there like a true friend, our other self, for whom we could gladly die, and who, we know, would die for us? To have a friend who thinks of us each day, who suffers when we suffer and rejoices when we rejoice; to walk with him in the summer afternoons, and to sit with him under a tree by the brookside, listening to the birds and talking in full understanding of nature and her

works, of man and his ways; to sit with him on winter evenings by the open fire—to have such a friend makes mere *existence pass into life.*

Sympathy reaches its highest fruition in the home where it becomes love. Home, love, father, mother, children—these are the sacred words in our language. In a home where there is love; where each thinks first of the others; where all rejoice together and sorrow together, happiness exists in its highest form. Home is the first and necessary condition of all the other sources of happiness. Nature, literature, art and music are usually ineffective unless there is a home. Without a home, life itself is incomplete. A house does not make a home, nor even a house and people. Only members of a family who love one another, with mutual interests and with hearts in accord, make a home. To make such a home is the highest achievement of man, and to have such a home is the source of his greatest happiness.

It seems that this world is such, and the nature of life is such, that most good things cost their price. It is so with happiness. The greatest happiness lies not along the path of least resistance; it costs us pain and labor. First of all, we have our inheritance of selfishness to subdue, our baser passions to control. To live

a higher life, a life of truth and justice, requires courage and strength, patience and perseverance. To enable us to live such a life, there must be years of training. Moreover, to be able to get happiness from the sources which we have discussed, also requires training. Neither books nor nature give up their secrets and reveal their beauties to us until we have learned how to make them do so. To get much pleasure from music we must be trained. It therefore is quite true that there can be a training in happiness, and this training the home and school must give.

From these considerations, it is evident that the work of the teacher is of the highest significance. She should be the true philosopher, wise in her knowledge of the world and of human life, striving ever to lead her pupils to acquire the highest conceptions and ideals of life, and to prepare them for the fullest possible realizations of these ideals.

CHAPTER II

IDEALS OF LITERATURE.

We spend much time teaching children to read, eight years in the grade schools, four years in the high schools, to say nothing of the time spent in college and university—but who reads? The manager of a book store once told me that when students had finished a course in the university they brought their books to him and sold them for whatever he was willing to give—sold their Shakespeare, their Homer, their Virgil, for a few pennies! This is a sad commentary on our teaching of reading. If the right attitude were developed in the students, the literary text would be kept through the term, almost as good as new at the end, with carefully made notes and commentaries in the margins. When the course is finished, the book would not be sold, but kept and cherished through life as one more dear friend.

Our teaching of reading and literature often develops in the pupils a hatred for books. I have often heard high school students speak of the greatest treasures of literature as "stuff." The causes of this state of things are many. All

are due to our methods of teaching. I know a nine year old boy who will probably never like poetry. He will not voluntarily read anything that looks like poetry, nor allow it to be read to him. Why? His teacher requires him to commit to memory all the poems in his reader. Few of these poems are within his comprehension. Not one out of five appeals to his experience or interest. This teacher is unwittingly creating in all the pupils in her room a distaste for poetry. Between the first year of grade school and the last year of high school some teacher usually manages by some method or other—usually as foolish as the one mentioned—to destroy in the pupils all taste for literature.

It would be interesting to take a census of the people of a community to ascertain how many men and women read. Such a census has never been taken, as far as I know. My observation leads me to believe that not more than one man or woman out of a hundred reads. More time is spent in the teaching of reading than in teaching anything else, still no one reads. This teaching, therefore, is a great waste of time and energy.

I say no one reads. Of course, all read the morning paper and the *Saturday Evening Post*, but who reads books? Yes, I know everyone

reads the *Shepherd of the Hills,* but who reads *good books?* Who reads Homer, Sophocles, Shakespeare, Ruskin, Carlyle, Emerson?

What constitutes a good book? What makes a good book so valuable? The man who writes a book puts into it his best thoughts. As the ages have gone by, some of the wisest men, men who have observed most closely and thought most deeply, have written books. By reading these books, we therefore gain access to the best thoughts of the wisest men, their reflections upon human life, its highest aims and purposes, human sin, human sorrow, human joy. Some of the world's best and greatest men have not written books. The two wisest men of all time, Socrates and Jesus, wrote no books. Fortunately, however, we get their teachings through the writings of others. To some it may seem a wonder that a book could come down to us through hundreds and even thousands of years. It does not seem possible to them that a writing could or would be preserved so long. But when we read these books we no longer wonder why they have survived. When we read the dialogues of Plato, we can understand why they have been read and preserved these twenty-two centuries. As long as there are men who think and read, Plato will have readers.

The greatests writings are usually the plainest and simplest. There is in some quarters the mistaken notion that a great book is difficult, hard to understand, and therefore inaccessible to the ordinary man. Such is not the case. Rather the reverse is true. The Bible needs no interpreter, neither does Plato nor Shakespeare. When the reader finds it difficult to understand a book, he may be sure that the writer did not understand himself, that he did not himself see clearly nor think sanely. Especially is this true when the writing is about human life. Human experience is much the same in all ages, in all countries. The human heart has not changed in historic times. Love and hate and envy and jealousy, sin and selfishness, joy and sorrow, pain and death, are much the same in all places and at all times. The man who writes clearly and understandingly to the human heart at any time or place, speaks understandingly to the people of all time. Homer wrote of prehistoric Greeks and Trojans, but how modern are the characters! We seem to know Agamemnon and Menelaus, Achilles and Hector. The events narrated in the Iliad seem to have just taken place. Solomon and Job and Paul are modern though dead these thousands of years. However, I would not be misunderstood. To understand a

great book on any aspect of human life, we must ourselves have had experience and thought deeply about our experience.

There is also a mistaken notion that to get a foreign literature, we must read the books in the original language. This is not true as far as the *ideas* of literature are concerned. Ideas are universal and can be expressed in any kind of characters or symbols. Love is love whether expressed as *amo* or *αγαπάω* or *love*. Death is death by whatever symbols represented. The Bible is a good illustration of this fact. Of all books, it is most universally read. Few books contain so much that is as good, perhaps none, anything that is better. No one book contains so much wisdom. No message is more important than its message, yet we do not think it is necessary for all our children to learn Hebrew or Greek in order that they may read and understand the Bible. Still we require millions of boys and girls to study Latin, when the returns are only a few score pages of Caesar, Cicero, and Virgil that could be read at a few sittings in the English translation.

The great books are few because the great men are few. Genius is rare. There is a definite law governing the distribution of ability among us.

There are a few idiots, a few geniuses, the rest of us come somewhere in between. It is something of a genius to be one among a hundred; more, to be one among a thousand; more still, to be the best man of a million. Emerson and Lincoln stand out as the foremost of all Americans; Shakespeare, Socrates, and Jesus, as the foremost of all time. When we speak of great books, then, we mean the books containing the wisdom and the artistic creations of those men who were first among the men of their time, who gave us the message of their age. In their works, we read the history of the world.

Let it not be thought that all good books are for instruction. We read some books for the same reason that we look at paintings or listen to music. They appeal to the emotions. Homer and Virgil, Aeschylus, Sophocles, Shakespeare, Dante, Milton, and Tennyson wrote poems and tragedies that have been sources of pleasure to numberless generations of men. The poet is a creator. He paints in words the passions of the human soul, or the beauties that he sees in the world of nature. In the pictures we see ourselves. The poet may be said to reveal us to ourselves. In Oedipus, or Antigone, Hamlet, Ophelia, Lady Macbeth, Richard the Third, or King Lear, we find ourselves, and see our own

sins and inmost natures portrayed, our emotions analyzed by the master mind of Sophocles or Shakespeare. But life is not all tragedy. The lyric poet sings for us our song of love.

We must not forget the novelist, who weaves the same threads into a different form, and in one fabric, gives us the epics, the lyrics, the tragedies, and the comedies of life. The world of literature would be different without Nicholas Nickleby and Oliver Twist, Romola, Vanity Fair, and Ivanhoe.

Such is the nature of good books, but why read them? Every book which we have mentioned deals with some aspect of human life. Instead of reading dead books why not study living men? This question has been so well answered by Emerson and Ruskin that it is both superfluous and presumptuous to try to say more. Indeed, no more can be said, but their answer can be repeated in other words.

Why not, then, study men rather than books? By all means, let us study men. Indeed, if we do not study men we shall study books to little purpose. But most of us know only the men of our neighborhood, the men whom chance has thrown into our way. Thankful may we be if among them there is one much above the others

in wisdom and judgment. We can know a few men in our own time, in our own country. Some of us are so fortunate as to know men of other countries, but even so, are limited in our acquaintance to the men of our own time. Even if very wise men are living in our own day, it is impossible for many of us to know them personally, and be able to speak to them face to face. Most of us, then, cannot know men of other lands, and none of us can know men of other days. However, we can go to our bookshelves and command the wisdom of all the ages.

One of the most remarkable things in the world is that the past can be made to live again for us; that we can summons before us the men of the greatest intellects, and put our questions to them. It makes no difference who we are nor where we live, if we wish to know what the great teachers have to say about morals and religion, we can call Confucius, Socrates, Solomon, Moses, Jesus, and Paul, and put our questions to them. The answers which they give us are not based merely upon a moment's reflection as would likely be the case if we should ask a living friend, nor are the men affected by bias or interest or prejudice. They give us their deliberate judgment based upon years of observation and mature reflection.

In the trials and sorrows of life we can always find some consolation and counsel in books. Whatever may be our mood, we can always find a book to speak to us in that mood. If the world seems unkind and unjust to us, if our cross seems more than we can bear, remembering Socrates and Jesus, we read the *Phaedo,* or the account of the trial and crucifixion of Jesus. If we are bereaved, some comfort is to be found in *Lycidas* and *Adonais.* If we wish merely to be amused or pleased, some one is ready in his book to sing to us or to tell us a story—Cervantes, Tennyson, Kipling, Mark Twain, Bret Harte, Scott, George Eliot, Hawthorne, Longfellow, Lowell, Byron. When we become tired reading one author, we replace the volume on its shelf and there is no offense. We can take down another. They are there waiting to help us if they can. Fortunate are we, indeed, if we have been so trained that we can command their services. How unfortunate, if the world of books is a dead world to us!

Teachers can be of service to children in many ways, but it is doubtful whether they can do anything better than to lead them to know and love books. When children are very young, long before they are old enough to go to school, their parents should read to them. Soon the child is

able to read for himself. Then, teachers and parents should place into his hands, books that he can understand and enjoy, and should help him to an understanding of them. By the time a child has reached high school, he should have heard or read all that is best and within his comprehension. At least one-fourth of the time spent in the high school should be devoted to reading. In the reading, the teacher is the leader, the guide, the adviser. The pupils are to read for enjoyment and for instruction. The reading for one child need not be the same as that for another. We are different; authors are different. What one of us likes, another may not like. What is good for one of us may not even be good for another. But we must like something, and it is best for us if we like something that is good. Anything that helps us is *good* for *us*. The school should develop taste and good judgment. But in trying to do this, it must be careful not to destroy *all* taste. There is no value or virtue in *mere reading*. Unless we read what profits us or gives us lasting pleasure, we may as well not read. Our public schools have, therefore, largely failed of their purpose, unless the pupils, when they leave the schools, have learned in the truest sense to read. No

child should be given a high school diploma until he has studied Shakespeare and come to some degree of comprehension of him.

Of course, teachers must be readers. They must know all the good books. There are not many. In the long evenings of two or three winters, one can read most of the books that are worth reading, those that make us better men and women after we have read them. There is not more than one great writer for each century for the last twenty-five hundred years. Any teacher can know and read these twenty-five authors. The high school graduate can know them and may well have read many of them.

CHAPTER III

IDEALS OF NATURE.

THE world of books is the creation of man. There is another world, older, infinite in beauty and variety, the World of Nature. By nature we mean the inanimate world and the world of life below man. This is an arbitrary distinction, for man is a part of the world of nature.

While it is a pity for a man to go through life without the help and inspiration that come from books, it is, perhaps, more pitiful to live without seeing, understanding, and appreciating the world of nature. When we enter on our journey from birth to death, there are two possibilities open to us. On the one hand, we can exist, take our food, breathe, perform all the vital functions necessary for mere physical life, but be blind and deaf and feelingless to all the objects and forces about us which make up the world in which we are immersed every moment of our lives. Such an existence is on a level of that of the pig or even of a fishworm, for they do as much. On the other hand, we cannot only exist, but *live*. The world can be a meaningful world to us. We are endowed with a dozen or

more types of sense organs. From our brain the tiny nerves go out to every inch of the surface of our bodies, ending in delicate sense organs. They are the hands and fingers of the soul which reach out with their delicate touch to feel the world. In the skin they give us sense of pressure, cold, warmth, and pain; in the joints, of movement; in the mouth, they touch our food and give us taste; in the nose, they feel of the currents of air and give us smell; in the ear, their sensitive touch feels of the waves of the air and gives us sound; in the eye, the delicate nerve-fingers respond to the vibrations of ether and give us sight, revealing to us not only objects nearby, but suns and planets millions of miles away. This sensory endowment, the pig also has. It can see the sun as well as we, but it cannot know on what day and hour and minute the moon will be between the sun and the earth and hide the sun from our view—we can. And there lies the great difference between us and the pig. *The world can be to us a world of meaning.* Of course, the difference here is only one of degree, for some things have meaning to the pig. To the pig, water is to drink; corn is to eat; a dog is to run from; a mudhole is to wallow in on a hot day. But how varied and infinite in meaning the world can be to us! From

the stars, on the one hand, immeasurably big and inconceivably distant, to bacteria, on the other, uncomfortably close, innumerable in numbers and microscopically small, the objects of the world fall into their proper places in the mind of man.

The world of nature is here. It has always been here. It will always be here. We find ourselves in it, a part of it. We shall be here a little while. Shall we make it ours through understanding and appreciation, or shall we spend our short existence in it with the traditional eyes that see not and ears that hear not?

We should understand nature in order to be able to control her forces and use them for our practical ends, but I am not thinking here of this practical side of the matter. Our consideration now is merely from the point of view of appreciation and enjoyment. Whatever other functions schools and teachers may have, surely one important function is to help children to discover the world.

First of all there is the inanimate world, out of which all living things come and to which they return when they die. The earth is truly our *mother* Earth. We call it inanimate, we say it is dead and lifeless, but in the sense of being inert, inactive, static, it is not dead but full of

motion and ceaselessly active forces. Its face is being sculptured, the mountains daily carved away, its hills leveled down by chemical action and the eroding power of frost, air and water. The rocks are being ground down into soil from which comes all vegetation. The mountains lift their granite peaks high into the air which forever battles with them, inch by inch lowering their proud heads. The rivers flow on throughout the years and centuries, carrying always to the sea the tribute of the hills and mountains which it gathers by means of its myriad creeks, brooks, and rivulets. The rocks themselves of the all-but-everlasting hills are at once the monument and tomb of the early life of the earth. In them we can trace our genealogy through starfish and crinoid. The inscriptions were carved by the animals themselves and the plants in the long ago, when they laid themselves down in the mud and slime of the primeval sea to be entombed for uncounted centuries. At last their resurrection comes. The hills give them up; they live again on the wide plain far from the sea, in wheat fields and meadows of clover—a transmigration of souls undreamed of by the philosophers.

In glacial drifts and moraines we have a still more interesting story for him who can read it.

The great continent-wide ice mountain, during the long geologic winter crept slowly down from the north, chiseling, hewing, scraping, gathering its titanic load of earth and rock and lifeless forms of animals and plants, carrying all far to the south. At last under a warmer sun, it gives up its load of giant boulders, polished pebbles, mountains of sand, all mingled with the lifeless forms of the fauna and flora of all the Northland. It gives them up and leaves a new earth with new rivers and lakes and hills. The eternal processes go on, ceaseless, inevitable; on a large scale in making and unmaking mountains and oceans and continents; on a small scale, but just as effectively, in a single drop of water or grain of sand. No! the earth is not dead but full of life for the mind that can see and understand.

Above the earth are the sun and moon, the planets and stars. They are far away, and except for the sun and moon, have little effect on our earth. We need not bother much about them unless we wish; they do not much concern us. But they too can be added to our world of understanding and enjoyment, if we choose. Although they are so far away that we can form no proper conception of their distance, they are better understood by science in their movements and mutual relations than are many things close

at hand. The heavenly bodies meant much to primitive man who lived in the open, under the wide sky. He knew them and gave them names. To most of us they are unknown and without interest. But why not add the astronomical world to our possible worlds of pleasure?

In the animate world, we have first the world of plants, which take the first step from rock toward man. They embed their roots in the soil, the graveyard of the past, and in the air above unfold their green leaves to the sun. In the leaves under the action of sunlight, living matter is made out of simpler material. Upon the green leaves of plants, all living things directly or indirectly depend. All the processes of the plants are interesting, none more so than those that go on in the flower, whose function is reproduction.

We can manage to live in almost complete ignorance of the plant-world, if we wish, but in its beauty and variety it can become of intimate interest and importance to our lives. The processes that go on in individual plants, the means which they use for survival, their interrelationships, their dependence upon their surroundings—all become of great interest when we study them. To the close student, plants become of almost human importance.

In the great cities where men raise sky-scrapers instead of corn, plant-life is not of such immediate concern; but in the country, if the farmer will become a life-long student of plants, he will gradually open the doors to a world that rivals any of the other worlds in its possibilities for endless study and enjoyment.

What a joy to know the trees, whether the giant Sequoias of California that were old when Jesus was born, and that have stood on their sentinel hills through thousands of years, or the oaks in our back yard that began their sturdy existence about the time when our republic was born. The lover of trees feels like saying with Lowell:

> I care not how men trace their ancestry,
> To ape or Adam; let them please their whim;
> But I in June am midway to believe,
> A tree among my far progenitors.

The love of flowers can become a passion in our lives. The flower-lover is on the hills ere the snow has receded from the shaded recesses, watching for the first Anemone and Hepatica. When the Springbeauty blooms, he is there; he greets the Maybell and Columbine and Lady's

Slipper; he rejoices in all his flower friends as the season goes by till at last in its gorgeous red he finds the Cardinal flower, in its shaded background of green. It comes late in the fall in its richness of color to mark the summit and climax of all the painting of nature.

The student of animal life is never without something interesting to study. The earth is covered with animals; the sea and the air are filled with them. They vary in size from the single-celled protozoan to the elephants and whales whose weight is to be measured in tons. They are infinite in variety; one species is different from another; no two animals of the same species are exactly alike. Though each is different from all the others, still all are alike in many ways. Protoplasm, the physical basis of life, is essentially the same in all. The life processes of all animals are the same fundamentally, the same in principle, though infinitely varied in details. The structure of the vertebrates is always the same in type, but the adaptations range from that of the fish to that of the birds. The adaptations of typical and similar structures to varying functions are well nigh innumerable.

All animals have the same problems to solve; they must get food and escape enemies;

all must reproduce or the species goes out of existence. One could spend a lifetime in the study of a single species of animals and never be without an unsolved problem concerning them. If one becomes interested in animal life, he can find animals for study wherever he may be. Every pond is a theater of animal activity, and will furnish many a pleasant hour through the summer days to him who will study it. Insects and birds afford a large field for study; the insects, because of their number and variety; and the birds, because of their beauty and song.

The insects are everywhere, in the air, water, earth, wood, decaying matter, in our houses, on every plant—ceaselessly and eternally making their little fight for life. Their life processes and developmental changes are of extreme interest. Every boy should be introduced to the insect world and those who choose to spend their leisure hours in the study of insects will always find something to think about besides their neighbors' faults.

Of birds we hesitate to speak, not because there is nothing to say, but because there is so much to say. Why should a person be allowed to go through life without adding to his possible worlds of enjoyment the world of birds? In winter or in summer, in city or in country, one

cannot step out of his door without seeing a bird. All of them are interesting, many are beautiful, many make music than which there is no better in the world, the orioles, the bobolink, the catbird, and the thrushes. In the pear tree beside our window many of them build their homes and enact their little dramas. From the economic point of view as well as from the aesthetic, it is a high duty of the schools to teach the children to know the birds.

He who studies animals soon comes to see the unity of all life and to recognize his kinship with it. The amoeba slowly moving its microscopic form about in the slime of the brook bottom, the fish swimming above it, the dog running along the bank, the bird flying high in the air—all are bent on the same mission. Each is fighting out in its own way the battle of life, searching for food, fleeing an enemy, hunting a mate.

The beginning of every animal is a single cell. Whether it spends its whole life in this simple form as do many of the lowest, or whether it grows to be an aggregation of millions of cells, is of little importance. The lives of all are essentially the same. After a few hours or days or months or years, each animal in its own way acting out its life-drama, the same end comes to all, the life of each ends in a

tragedy, in death. A study of animals enlarges our conception of life and broadens our sympathies.

Let us who are teaching the young, take them by the hand and lead them through the different avenues of nature. Let us go down to the brookside and help the children to read the story of the pebble, to learn the biography of the frog and the legends of the trees. We shall let the birds teach them their songs, and the bees, their secrets. The drama of life is everywhere in progress. The old owl in the sycamore tells an interesting story about the crows that eternally bother him, but he is silent about how he spends the long hours after the sun is down. We must learn this from other sources. The mink, the muskrat, the groundhog, the blacksnake, the cricket—all have interesting stories for the children and for us, if we will master the language which they speak.

All the lifeless things have their stories too. The boulder beneath our feet—if it could speak, what stories it could tell! What comedies, what tragedies it could unfold! But it does speak, and the child can be taught its language. It is criminal for us to allow children to grow to maturity without learning to read what is every-

where written. Let us open their eyes that they may see, their ears that they may hear, and their minds that they may understand.

Some of the wise men who have written books help us to understand the book of nature and give us inspiration to read it. Among American writers, those who show the keenest appreciation of nature are Thoreau, Burroughs, Emerson, Bryant, and Lowell. The following lines from Bryant are familiar to all lovers of nature:

To him who in the love of nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
Into his darker musings, with a mild
And healing sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness ere he is aware.

Stranger, if thou hast learned a truth which need
No school of long experience, that the world
Is full of guilt and misery, and hast seen
Enough of all its sorrows, crimes, and cares,
To tire thee of it, enter this wild wood
And view the haunts of Nature. The calm shade
Shall bring a kindred calm, and the sweet breeze
That makes the green leaves dance, shall waft a balm
To thy sick heart.

The things, oh life! thou quickenest, all
  Strive upward toward the broad bright sky,
Upward and outward, and they fall
  Back to earth's bosom when they die.

All that have borne the touch of death,
  All that shall live, lie mingled there,
Beneath that vale of bloom and breath,
  That living zone 'twixt earth and air.

There lies my chamber dark and still,
  The atoms trampled by my feet
There wait, to take the place I fill
  In the sweet air and sunshine sweet.

Well, I have had my turn, have been
  Raised from the darkness of the clod,
And for a glorious moment seen
  The brightness of the skirts of God.

And in different mood, the following:

Is this a time to be cloudy and sad,
  When our mother Nature laughs around;
When even the deep blue heavens look glad,
  And gladness breathes from the blossoming ground?

There are notes of joy from the hang-bird and wren,
  And the gossip of swallows through all the sky;
The ground-squirrel gayly chirps by his den,
  And the wilding bee hums merrily by.

The clouds are at play in the azure space
And their shadows at play on the bright-green vale
And here they stretch to the frolic chase,
And there they roll on the easy gale.

There's a dance of leaves in that aspen bower,
There's a titter of winds in that beechen tree,
There's a smile on the fruit, and a smile on the flower
And a laugh from the brook that runs to the sea.

And look at the broad-faced sun, how he smiles
On the dewy earth that smiles in his ray;
On the leaping waters and gay young isles;
Ay, look, and he'll smile thy gloom away.

Emerson takes us close to the heart of nature. There are no more beautiful lines in literature than the following:

For Nature beats in perfect tune,
And rounds with rhyme her every rune,
Whether she works in land or sea,
Or hide under ground her alchemy.
Thou canst not wave thy staff in air,
Or dip thy paddle in the lake,
But it carves the bow of beauty there
And the ripples in rhyme the oar forsake.

In *The Apology,* Emerson tells us what is to be gleaned from Nature besides the material harvests:

Think me not unkind and rude.
That I walk alone in grove and glen;
I go to the god of the wood
To fetch his word to men.

Tax not my sloth that I
Fold my arms beside the brook;
Each cloud that floated in the sky
Writes a letter in my book.

Chide me not laborious band,
For the idle flowers I brought;
Every aster in my hand
Goes home loaded with a thought.

There was never mystery
But 'tis figured in the flowers,
Was never secret history
But birds tell it in the bowers.

One harvest from the field
Homeward brought the oxen strong
A second crop thy acres yield,
Which I gather in a song.

CHAPTER IV.

IDEALS OF WORK

WORK! The most glorious word in our language is *work,* for through work comes the only salvation of the soul. Instead of shirking and avoiding work, let us be thankful each day for it. Much of the trouble of the world comes through people trying to escape work. Some of us are all the time hunting for an easier job. We think our lot is hard. We see others making a living much more easily than we. We think if we only had their place, life would be quite worthwhile. Particularly widespread is the notion that some kinds of labor are much more desirable than other kinds, more honorable, and that those who do this more honorable work should be accorded more respect. This is a false notion and leads to much, very much, of the pain and sorrow and even sin of the world. Work is work. We live a social life. There are many kinds of work that must be done if society is to exist. Coal must be mined, transported on the trains, and delivered to the consumer. Some one must go down into the earth and mine it;

some one must run the train that hauls it; some one must throw it out of the car and deliver it to the consumer. Wheat must be raised, threshed, hauled to the mill and ground into flour, then the flour must be delivered to the consumer. Some one must raise our hogs and cattle; some one must butcher them; some one distribute them to the consumer. Roads and streets must be built and kept in repair. Some one must build our houses; some one, our railroads. Others must keep the railroads in repair. In connection with distribution, some one must run the stores; others, the banks; others must work in the factories that make our shoes and our clothes and our tools. Each work is necessary; being necessary, each kind of work is as important as any other. It is dangerous to society for any other view to be taken. It matters little what part *you* do or what part *I* do. The important thing is that each does *some* part, some *necessary* part. It would, perhaps, be best if each should do what he could do best, but apart from this, it makes little difference what we severally do.

There is a tendency among some people to look with condescension upon those who work with their hands. If any distinction at all is to be made, the greater honor should go to him who has made with his hands some needful thing,

who has in a sense become a creator. He who raises a fine tomato, or chicken, or hog, or field of wheat; he who builds a good and beautiful house, or makes a good, substantial road or street, is the *real creator,* not he who buys and sells the produce, or he who keeps other peoples' money to loan to actual producers. I say, if there should be any distinction whatever, the greater honor should go to him who produces, who creates. But there should be *no* distinction among those who do any necessary work, whether in production or distribution.

Work conquers all things, and few possessions worth having come without labor.

> "At the devil's booth are all things sold,
> Each ounce of dross costs its ounce of gold."

The price that must be paid is so much labor. If every man and woman who are not at work doing something that needs to be done, would go to work at some useful production or take some part in the necessary distribution of commodities, much of the misery and sin of the world would disappear. Idleness is the gate that leads to sin, and sin is the road to hell. It is true there is much injustice in the social and

economic world. Many worthless and lazy creatures live upon the labor of others. The greatest crime is idleness. He who does not do his proper part of work is a criminal and has no right to sustenance. If society ought to hang any man, it should be the one who, without working himself, lives upon the labor of others, for he is both a thief and a murderer. He is stealing the fruits of others' labor, and in a sense taking their lives.

The schools should glorify labor, and should do something definite, specific, and direct toward fitting the young for some honest, needed kind of work. To some extent a few schools do this, but it is too common for them to do the reverse, namely, encourage children to strive to be clerks, lawyers, doctors, anything, in short, save a good, honest producer. Of course some should be encouraged to become lawyers and doctors, but not all. These two professions are already overcrowded by persons who might, some of them, be able to make an honest living digging ditches or sweeping streets. It is as necessary that ditches be dug as that the sick be cured, and if one can dig ditches better than he can cure the sick, then he ought to dig ditches. And society should give the ditchdigger his proper reward.

What joy is there like that which comes from labor? From a good day's work well done? Who enjoys his supper so well as he who has earned it by hard labor? Who sleeps so well or enjoys that sleep so much as the man who has followed the plow all day, or who has been busy with hammer or saw or ax? Our bodies are motor machines and keep in best repair when used in manual work. Those of us who forget this, pay for our neglect very dearly through the trouble and discomfort of one or more functional disorders. Every one, whatever his occupation, should do some physical work each day, if for no other reason, in order to maintain health. If we are ever to be a race of people who live by brain work only, we shall have to evolve into a different sort of physical being, have a different kind of body. Those we now have are made for physical work. The cities are filled with professional men—men trying to escape hard manual labor—who, for the most part, sit on chairs all day. Their bodies are not made for that kind of existence, and nearly all the organs of the body are soon out of function. The men become a prey to ignorant doctors, who are also hunting the easy road to happiness.

Let us glorify work, but especially *good* work. We must develop in children high ideals of workmanship. We must so train them that they cannot be satisfied with a poor piece of work. Poor workmanship is one of our American sins. We build poor houses, make shoddy clothes, cheap and poorly bound books, poor tools, "ragtime" music, and ephemeral literature. Let us develop and train workmen who will be satisfied with only the best that they can do, who will be unwilling to do a poor piece of work. The schools must develop high ideals of work as of everything else.

There are today educational tendencies which not only throw manual labor into disrepute, but all kinds of hard, honest work. There are educational reformers who try to find an easy road to learning, an easy road to success. Men have been hunting this road as long as they have been searching for the fabled fountain of immortal youth. *There is no such road.* There is no possession worthwhile that comes without labor, and usually the more worthwhile, the more the labor that is required. He who teaches the doctrine that a child should receive his education in homeopathic doses, in the form of sugar-coated pellets, and be anaesthetised besides during the process of administration, is an enemy to society

and destructive to civilization. Such teaching is in part responsible for the growing discontent and lawlessness, socialism and anarchy. The boy who receives a training which develops only flabbiness, grown to maturity, finds the bitter pills awaiting him are not sugar-coated, and no anaesthetics are provided. The only way we can be trained to master difficulties is by *mastering difficulties.*

While work is important for men and women it is more important for boys and girls, because it is an absolute necessity for their proper education and training. We are getting far away from primitive conditions under which civilization developed, and under which it has existed until very recent times. The present tendency is for the population to become aggregated in cities. Boys cannot be properly reared in cities because there is nothing there for them to do. How can a boy be trained when there is nothing for him to do? He cannot be trained in a vacuum. The most important aspect of education comes not in dealing with books, which are about things, but with things themselves. The child needs that contact with things which he gets on a farm, where he can have connections with animals and plants, where he can have intimate relations with hogs and horses, cows, fowls,

machinery, trees, corn, potatoes, weeds, hoes, plows, shovels, hammers, and axes. It is difficult to find enough suitable work in the cities for the boys.

There is a certain stamina necessary to character that comes only from contact with duty and with arduous responsibilities. A proper training includes learning to stick to a task, though the task bring pain, to stick to it "through thick and thin." It is hard to find in the large city, work that gives such training as well as following the plow all day, or hoeing all day, or pitching hay all day, in fact, doing any hard manual work all day beneath a hot summer sun. When one has learned to go on though the legs ache, though the back aches, though every bone and muscle in the body seem to ache, he has a form of training that is indispensible in a strenuous life. Such a training is best supplied by manual work.

In the cities, about the only possibility for work is in the factories. But our state legislatures have passed laws forbidding child labor. Their purpose is to free the young from labor so that they may get an education. An education indeed! It is the smallest part of an education that can be got in school from books alone. It would be better for the state to compel the

boys to work and to find suitable work for them, more suitable than filling glasses at a soda fountain.

The only possibility for proper training of the young in cities, it seems to me, is a union of the schools and industries, so that children may spend a part of the day, or a part of the week, in factories, in actual productive work, and the rest of the time in school. The school work itself must be reorganized in order to meet better the industrial needs of the child. It is a pity to allow the child of the city to grow to maturity without having done any productive work, without having learned the meaning of the words *duty* and *responsibility*.

The motive underlying the laws preventing child labor is sound and wise. Children should not be employed for long hours, nor should employment keep them out of school entirely. But the cure is almost as bad as the disease; it may be worse. For a boy to go to school and study books till he is nearly a man, without having meanwhile, the training that comes from productive labor, is as bad as working all this time without having opportunity to learn what is offered at school. We should have neither extreme. We should have both the training that comes from books and the training that comes from la-

bor. Our cities have few graver problems than that of finding suitable work for the young. A reorganization of the work of the schools would partly solve the problem. The work of the school is now too abstract, too bookish, too far from reality. The world outside the school room is throbbing and humming with activity. In comparison, the work of the school is *dead*. It deals too much with a dead past. When it deals with the problems of today, it treats them in much the same way as it does the problems of the past. As a consequence, the present becomes dead also. We cannot educate the young in a cemetery. In some way or other, the industries must be taken into the schools, or the schools taken to the industries.

Work is real; it deals with realities; it is not make-believe as school work too often is. School work does not become sufficiently incorporated into the child's real world. The boy who grows to maturity, without learning to labor with his hands, without learning what it is to expend a certain amount of energy in return for a dollar; without having learned what it means to earn his shoes or his hat or a meal or a book, by actual labor has failed to get one of the essentials of a true education. The boy

who has not learned to produce something has missed an important essential in education.

Of the work of girls and women, I hesitate to speak. I find myself out of sympathy with what seem to be present tendencies. The home that was formerly the place of manifold activities, now in the cities is largely a place of idleness. The industries have all left it. The women, some of them, are going out after the industries; others go out for *Bridge;* others to run the world of politics and business; others, to reform the world generally. When the woman leaves the home, there is no home left. With no home, there will be no civilization. The proper work of woman is to make a home, and that is no small task. Let her claim again the work which she can do best and that ought to be done in the home. If she can find nothing else to do, she might educate her children. Of course, if she chooses so to do, she need not have a home nor children. She can live her free and independent life in the active busy world. outside. Fortunately each woman who so chooses thereby ends the line of descent of her kind. She cannot give her privilege to posterity because she leaves no posterity. This world needs nothing more than it needs happy homes. May wise women turn their attention toward making them.

The problem of work for girls in the cities must surely be easier of solution than that of work for boys. A home can be so managed as to have plenty of work for the girls in helping their mother. Home industries should be restored to the home in sufficient number to furnish plenty of work for the girls, such work as cooking, washing, sewing, keeping the house in order, and even gardening.

While work has important intrinsic values, its chief value for adults at least, is as a medium of exchange. It may be likened to money. Gold and silver have certain intrinsic values but their chief use is to be exchanged for something valuable in itself. I want food to eat, a coat for my back, I must work for them. I want a book to read, a piano to play, a picture for my room, I must work for them. I wish for a house, a home, a fireside, I must work for them too.

Now let us see what can be said for mental work. In what has been said I may seem to have been unfair to him who does mental work. I have not meant to be so. There is a training from physical work that seems difficult for the young to get from mental work, but apart from this fact, any needful work is as honorable as any other. We need nothing any more than we need good thinking. For the happiness of all,

we need good books, good music, beautiful pictures. In the carrying out of any enterprise, in the running of any factory, there is thinking and planning that must be done or the actual physical work will not be effective or profitable. The head and the hand must co-operate. Often the man who can plan the work cannot do the work, and the man who can do the work cannot plan the work. Either man without the other is to a large extent helpless. The task needs them both; they must co-operate and share equally in the rewards and honor. The men who invented the telephone and telegraph did a great service to us, so do the men who put up the poles and string the wires. The men who write great books make us all their debtors, so do the men who set the type and print the books. In all the history of the world there has been but one Plato, but one Shakespeare. It may be that he who in his field of work excels all others should have most praise. But in a sense any one of us can do as well as Plato or Shakespeare, or in other fields as well as Newton or Darwin or Kepler. We can do our best. They did no better. No one can transcent his nature. It will be best for the happiness of all of us if we count all necessary work as of equal

value. It may be that within any given field of work, it will do no harm to give more praise for the better work.

CHAPTER V.

IDEALS OF PLAY.

WORK is a means to an end; play is an end in itself. Work is important because in work we must pay for valuable possessions. Play is the antithesis of work. We work because we must; we play because we can not help it. Play is the free expression of our nature, our inmost and oldest self. In play we more truly and fully live than in any other activity, because more of our nature goes into play. We work in order that the fruits of our labor may supply our bodily and spiritual needs; play itself supplies many of these needs directly. Work is great because through it come many of the good and necessary things of life; play is great because it is a good thing itself.

While work is the most glorious word in our language, *play* and *childhood* are the sweetest. After our early days are over, throughout all the years of toil, trouble, sorrows, and disappointments of our mature life and old age, sweet are the memories of infancy and childhood. Treasured, holy and hallowed are the recollec-

tions. How often in memory we live that early life over again.

The world of our infancy was small, a house, a yard, a cat and a dog, father and mother. In this world we lived and played. From morning till night we were ceaselessly busy, exploring the virgin mysteries of our little world. The tools of our craft were a stick, an old pan, a ball, and some blocks. Every day, every hour, presented some new mystery, some new problem. We gradually enlarged the boundaries of our world which in childhood came to include the barn and barnyard with their wonderful inhabitants—horses, cows, hogs, and chickens. What is childhood without a barn with its hay mow? No palace in a city can equal a country barn for childhood.

Our little world of infancy grew fast. It soon extended to the creek, the hills, the woods, with their interesting wild creatures. In this larger world, our life expanded. The days were not long enough. What day could be long enough for us to learn all we wanted to know about the fishes, the frogs, the snakes, the crows, the jaybirds, and the squirrels? We came to possess a knife and at once gained a new control over the world. We carved our name on the old sycamore, cut switches from the birch,

made whistles from the elm and hickory. At last we made a bow and arrow, and became a full-blooded Indian. We made a trap, set it in the thicket by the creek and caught quail and rabbits. We possessed a gun in early youth, and in the deep snows, over the fields and through the woods we trudged, with our bellowing hound, hunting rabbits. Across the years that intervene, I hear that deep, bass bellow still, and on its sweet notes my soul is carried back to those dear days that are no more.

How intense are the experiences of early life. Every day something transpires that makes its indelible impression. The world is to us then a virgin world. Each experience is new. Later, life becomes monotonous; each day like the one before. We search often in vain for new experiences. Not so with childhood and youth. If we could prolong childhood; if we could retain its spirit through life, the world would be different. In a measure this can be done. The secret lies in play. Let us play all our life. Let us go down to our graves with a toy in our hands, and all our lives we shall be as children.

Beautiful is the play of children about the family fireside. In all the scenes of life from birth to death, there is none so sweet, so divine, so holy, as that of a happy family in the home,

gathered around the lamp before an open fire, reading, talking, and playing games. Such, scenes are as near heaven as any we have on earth. There is the dear grandmother, filling her honored place in the easy chair, holding on her lap the infant grandson. The father intermittently reads the newspaper, the mother brings in the doughnuts and the apples, and joins in the games of the children.

Parents should live with their children and play with them much more than they do. In the country the relations of fathers and sons, mothers and daughters, are still very intimate; but in the city, this is often not the case. The city home frequently is no home at all. Family relations are loose or non-existent. Civilization rests upon the home. There can be no home unless the members of the family are bound together by the strongest and most intimate of ties. In the country the members of the family can both work together and play together; in the city they can at least play together. When the day's work is over, the family should be united for the evening's entertainment, for the family play. The evening should be planned for. We make plans for everything else, why not make plans for our family life? If we are in the poultry business, we make extensive plans and take great

precautions in the rearing of chickens; why should not parents plan at least as carefully for the rearing of their children? This planning should fall largely to the mother, and for this work she should be trained. The training should be as extensive, as careful, as scientific, as that given to a physician. What greater career should a woman want? We are concerned here only with the play and entertainment side of the family life. For this the mother's training should include music, story telling, reading, games, and an intimate knowledge of flowers, birds, insects, trees, and indeed the whole wonderful world of nature.

When the day's work is done, then, the family comes together for play. The possibilities are great. There can be reading and stories, music, and dancing by the children, and games in great variety. Care should be laid aside. The school should not send home large assignments of school work to be done. The evening should belong to the home and not to the school. No outside interests should dominate the home in the evening. The music should include songs. Every girl should learn to play the piano and to sing, as part of her professional preparation. A girl should no more think of marrying without being able to play the piano and sing than she

should, without being able to sew and cook, and manage a household.

In the summer there can be much play out-of-doors. The day is much longer. After supper there are two or three hours of daylight, time enough for an excursion. Saturday afternoon and part of Sunday should frequently be devoted to picnics and outdoor activities. In these the father should, of course, participate. A father's evenings, and in fact most of his time when he is not at work, belong to his family, particularly to his boys. With them he should play, frequently taking trips with them to the woods and to the streams. He should be versed in the lore of woodfolk. If he is not, let him learn with his children. If parents will identify themselves with the lives of their children, it will not only be to the great joy and advantage of the children, but to the parents as well. It will keep them young, drive their cares away, and give them strength and courage for their work. It should be a joy during the hours of work to look forward to the evening of play with the children.

The school is a place for work; it should also be a place for play. The teachers should be as well prepared to direct the play of the children as to direct their work. Every school building

should have at least one man among the teachers so that there will be a proper leader for the plays of the boys. Suitable games of all kinds should be provided for, especially ball games. As soon as a boy can throw a ball and use a bat, he should play base ball. There should be frequent games between the grades and between different schools. Athletic contests of all kinds should be frequent. Proper physical play will not only bring joy but a well developed body. If we are not to become a race of physical degenerates, we must take as much care in the proper training and development of the body as of the mind. Not only should there be the athletic play outside, but other kinds of play inside the school room, some of it as part of the school work, some purely for play. Dramatization can form a very vital part of the regular school work and be a great source of enjoyment. In all grades there should be much music; and literary exercises of all kinds should be at least weekly occurrences. Pageants should be frequent. School life should be rich and varied. There should be plenty of hard work, but also abundant play and joy. The school should be a happy place, where children would delight to be.

The school house and grounds should have a wider use for play and entertainment purposes

than is now the case. They belong to the community and cost great sums of money, but during the summer months are not used. Why should not the people of the community gather there on summer evenings for story telling, for music, pagents and other dramatic exercises? Many schools have a victrola, bought with the peoples' money. All summer it serves only to accumulate dust. On summer evenings this victrola should be taken out on the school grounds, where the people are gathered sitting on the grass under the trees to listen to its music. It would not cost much to employ a director for these summer activities. The teachers might take turns directing these activities. The results would be pleasure and profit, and the saving of many a child from perdition.

The play needs of the country are somewhat different from those of the city. Country children have enough activity for health and growth. Sometimes the activity is not sufficiently varied. The play at school could be very much enriched and diversified. The country school needs a teacher skilled in the science and art of play. The country school should have even a larger place in the life of the people than the city school. The school house in the country is the only one that can be used in common for gen-

eral purposes of entertainment. Through the winter all the people should meet there at least one night a week for literary and musical entertainments, spelling matches, lectures, as well as for mere social talk and pleasure. Through the summer months, they should meet there at least on Saturday afternoons and have a base ball game, or a pageant, or some other kind of play by the children. Such a use of the school would unite the people, bind them together, unify their interests, and be a source of great pleasure to all. The community should take pride in the building and the grounds, and develop this pride in the children. The building should be the most beautiful in the whole district. The grounds should be large, with shade trees, shrubs, and flower beds, and plenty of room for all kinds of games.

Men and women, as well as children, should play. It is natural for children to play, and play makes up a large part of their lives. It is also natural for adults to play, but we become engrossed in our work, lose our youthful spirit, and forget to play. We pay dearly for this course. We pay for it in loss of health and vigor, and in loss of joy. We grow old before our time and approach our graves with indigestion and pessimism. The visions and hopes and

ambitions of youth die, one by one. There is nothing left to look forward to but the end of the journey. Our face lengthens out, becomes furrowed with wrinkles, our eyes become lusterless and lose their fire. This is all unnecessary. We can remain young; we can still be boys and girls at eighty if we will only play. Play for adults is recreation in the true sense of *re*-creation. Our work, particularly professional work, uses up our nervous energy at too fast a rate. We need to fall back upon our older self for a part of the time each day, renew our youth, and let the ancestral man within come forth and express himself. It is not enough that we take an annual vacation; we should take a vacation each day. For at least a short time each day we should throw off the age that is trying to grow up within us, forget the grey that is coming in our hair, laugh and romp and play with children and with our fellows, and be young again. Whenever we play, we are children; if we always play, we shall remain children in spirit.

We should take a lesson from the ancient Greeks, in whose lives play was an important factor. It is no accident that the Greeks, the greatest of all peoples, were the greatest players. In those ancient days, whole populations would

come together for athletic and intellectual games. Their many and various festivals were important events in their lives.

It is as important that a man have a life-time play interest as that he should have his professional or occupational interest. Every man should have some sort of play or hobby into which he can, for a part of each day, throw himself with the vigor, enthusiasm, and abandon of youth. For a city man this can be gardening, poultry raising, or some line of investigation, an interest in insects, or flowers, or trees, or birds. It makes little difference what it is, if it is an interest that can wholly possess him and last through his life.

We have opposed work to play; we have considered them as antithetical, and in a measure they are. There are certain characteristics that inhere in work that set it apart as different from play. Nevertheless, our work is never very effective unless we can throw into it some of the spirit which is characteristic of play. As long as our work is drudgery, as long as we approach it with distaste and aversion, we never do our best. It is only when we approach it with the same feeling that a boy has in his base ball game that we do our most effective work. In other words, our best work is done when it is play,

when we can delight in the work itself. This outcome will be the result of two factors. By remaining young through play, we are able to approach our work in the play spirit. We can also study our work, find ways to improve it, increase our skill in it, and get the joy that comes from work well done.

It is evident that if play is to be a large part of the life of a community, the teachers should be the greatest of players. They should not only be skilled in all the games and participate in them, but should be young in spirit, and should be in sympathy with childhood and youth. Teachers should be strong and perfect in body; this is quite as important as is the matter of their intellectual fitness. After teachers have lost their youthful spirit and youthful sympathies, they should not remain in the school room, for they will destroy life instead of creating it.

CHAPTER VI

IDEALS OF DEMOCRACY.

THE American public schools should be the temples of democracy; the teachers, its high priests. No one who is not sound in his democracy should be allowed to teach our children. The spirit of democracy is equality. When will the world learn the true meaning of the word? It has been nearly a century and a half since the founders of our republic declared that "all men are created free and equal." It has been nineteen centuries since Jesus taught that we should love one another. The unthinking may wonder why ethical progress is so slow, but the reason is not far to seek. The inborn nature of man today is essentially the same as that of the men who listened to the words of Jesus. We are the same at heart as our ancestors of long ago. And at heart we are selfish. The teaching of the Bible that we must be born again is true. Our natures must be materially changed before we are fit to live together in any degree of harmony and happiness. All the virtues on which democracy rests must be developed in us or strengthened by training.

Nearly all the pain and suffering and sorrow in the world arise directly or indirectly out of selfishness, unkindness and lack of sympathy.

In one sense, the Declaration of Independence is wrong—we are not created equal. To the student of human nature, nothing is more conspicuous and striking than the fact of individual differences. Some of us are tall; others, short; some of us have good eyes and ears; others, poor. So also, we differ in every aspect and detail of our minds. Nature has been kind to some of us, unkind to others. No, we are not equal, nor can we be made equal, but in a democracy, we should have *equal rights.*

Every child has the right to be trained, educated, nurtured physically and mentally so as to attain the highest manhood possible. Every man has the right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness in whatever manner he may desire, if the attainment of the desire does not involve the unhappiness of others. Every man has the right to be treated as a *man,* whatever may be his occupation or station in life, whatever the kind of clothes he may wear. Every man has the right to his beliefs and convictions, and the right to carry them out in his actions so long as they do not interfere with such equal

rights of others. Every man has the right to the sympathy and co-operation of others.

Equality and justice should be the foundation of a democracy, but the most casual observation shows us that inequality and injustice cause everywhere sorrow and suffering. There is developing in this country a caste system more dangerous than any the world has seen, a system based on money alone. Society is becoming stratified into numerous distinct layers, from what is thought to be the *highest* to what is called the *lowest*. There are numerous indications of the stratum to which one belongs—house, furniture, clothes, number and splendor of parties given, the amount of money the person can afford to waste. Among the many uses of the automobile is that it indicates station in life. First there are those people who have none, then come the thousands who ride in the kind that starts with a crank, then a well differentiated array of those riding in higher and higher priced cars. Finally come the few who ride in cars costing many thousands of dollars. The extreme fineness of social distinctions is well illustrated by the marriage of a certain housemaid who refused to invite to her wedding a close friend whose station in life, forsooth, was

only that of waiter in a restaurant! A girl who works in a restaurant cannot belong socially to that group of girls who work in private homes.

When we give a party we invite as guests people who belong in our own stratum or layer, not those below; but are happy indeed if we can secure the presence of anyone from a layer above us. If the governor condescends to dine with us, we proclaim it from the housetops, and fearing that some one may not know it, we drive him about town showing him off—as they do the big elephant in the circus street parade—as exhibit number one in our claim for social distinction. If some humble friend in shabby clothes comes to dine with us, we keep it a secret; the fact does not appear in the social column of the city daily; and when he leaves, we drive him to the train in a closed carriage after dark.

While social stratification is bad, worse still is the fact that everyone in any given stratum is trying to get into the layer supposed to be next higher. Devices innumerable are used to secure notice from those in stations above. Not a day passes on which crimes are not committed whose sole purpose is to enable some one to ascend to a higher social level. The crime itself is commonly committed by husband or father. The person for whose benefit it is committed is usual-

ly wife or daughter. The crime itself is usually some form of theft or robbery. The wife wants a home or furniture or a dress or a car finer than those of her neighbors. The husband's income is insufficient to afford it, so he steals.

It is not enough that we have possessions, but we want to be *known to have them,* as the eminent Ruskin long ago pointed out. It is not the absolute value of things that pleases us, but their relative value, their being better than the things that others have. We can be quite content with little, provided that none of the neighbors has any more; for indeed, we are at the top. That the top is low does not matter. This eternal rivalry arises out of aspects of our nature that are strong and deep. Envy and jealously are rooted deep in our inborn nature. If we are to have any mutual happiness in this life, envy and jealousy must be in large measure suppressed.

A democracy should be saturated with a feeling of brotherhood. The longer one lives and reflects upon life, its deeper meanings and purposes, the stronger becomes one's belief in the essential unity of all things, particularly in the oneness of all mankind. In nature, everything fills its place. There is no great and no small. Our vision is too nearsighted. We see things out

of proportion, out of perspective. A broader view enables us to see unity in the midst of variety, each thing filling its place. And it is as important, in the general scheme of things, that a small place be filled as that a large one be filled. The broader view enables us to see in every man, a *man*. Nature puts some men under a handicap of body or of mind, or of both body and mind. All of us are subject to the accidents and circumstances of life, which are favorable to some, but unfavorable to others. As a result, some of us have a rich experience, and are able to perform a life of service, full of achievement. Others have a lowly existence, bare of vital experience, empty of achievement. Judged by ordinary standards, such men are very unequal, but in each case, they are men; the life of one is as much the outcome of invariable and inflexible laws as is the other. Each is what he is, and under all the circumstances, could not have been otherwise. From this point of view, one is no more worthy of praise or blame than is the other. Truly, if we could choose which kind of life we would live, all would choose life rich in experience and full of achievement. But there are all degrees of both achievement and experience. He who, on account of nature and circumstances, can attain only a low level, suf-

fers bitterness enough without having added the scorn or contempt or hatred or the lack of sympathy on the part of the more fortunate. We are alike in that we all suffer and rejoice; the same end awaits us all. In the grave the prince and the pauper sleep side by side.

Whether or not we choose to consider all men our brothers, the welfare of each is much dependent upon the welfare of all the others. We are bound together by ties which we cannot break if we would. We are related by nature and bound together by the laws of life. If we would be happy, we must live a life of mutual helpfulness and sympathy. If we are to have social distinctions at all, they should be based on true worth, on real achievements, not on accidents of birth or superficial distinctions, least of all on money. We need to use a better criterion of values than is usually common. If we had perfect and full social and economic justice, success in life would be a fair criterion of innate worth. If we were all trying to accumulate worldly goods, then the amount accumulated would be a measure of our relative worth. But we do not have social and economic justice and some of us are not trying to accumulate wealth; we have other aims and other values. An aristocracy of brains would be bet-

ter than an aristocracy of money, but even an aristocracy of brains would be undesirable if it did not accept the principle of the brotherhood of man.

Our democracy is afflicted with innumerable organizations, secret societies, clubs, cliques, and religious organizations. In a measure they are dangerous to democracy, dangerous because of a false sense of values. There is nothing wrong in being a Mason or a member of any one of the hundreds of similar organizations, but it is wrong to think that all virtue exists in our particular society or club. There is nothing wrong in being a Presbyterian, but it is wrong to think that all goodness is in the Presbyterian church and that Baptists and Methodists are on the road to perdition. Democracy must mean freedom. It must mean that we grant to all others the liberties which we claim for ourselves. When a stranger knocks at our door we should not ask whether he is a member of this club or that lodge or of a certain political party, but what manner of man he is. Good men are found everywhere, in all kinds of organizations and out of them. So are bad men. A group of men come together, organize a society, call themselves the elect, admit such others as they choose

to admit. The virtue of the society is no higher than that of the men who compose it.

It is also dangerous in a democracy to believe that good men are found only in certain professions or occupations. Since accidents, in a large measure, determine our vocations, it follows that good men are found in all trades, professions, and occupations. The genius is found in the blacksmith shop, on the farm, in the factory, as well as in the bank and grocery store. The particular way in which one makes his living is a trivial matter. What kind of thoughts he thinks and what actions flow from his thoughts are the important matters. True worth should be our criterion, if we wish to measure one's station in life.

In a democracy, the individual is the end. All other things are means. We praise a democracy because in a true democracy, there would be the fullest opportunity for individual achievement and happiness. The highest possible development should be open to everyone. There should be no restrictions or barriers. Not only should the way be freely open, but society should provide for each one every possible opportunity and facility. Certainly each should receive the rewards of his labor. The individual is sacred. Society and every institution of society exists

for him. But as a means, society and its institutions are necessary. Individual life is inconceivable without them.

If our democracy is properly to serve its high purpose, there must be a certain unity of feeling, aims, and ideals among us. There must be a certain solidarity and permanence. This can be achieved through education. It will come in part through a common literature, a common history, through the development in every child of the highest ideals of democracy. Children in our schools must study the institutions of our country, their development and their spirit. Love of country must become a sacred emotion. The young should study the lives and works of men who have been prominent factors in our national development. Why could we not have in the schools a course on Lincoln? He did more than any other for our democracy and was the truest and highest embodiment of its spirit. Why could we not also have a course on Franklin? An intensive study of the lives and times of a few such men would do much toward developing a true spirit of democracy in our young people.

It must be evident that our largest hope for achieving a true democracy lies in the public schools. Here the children from every family,

from all kinds of homes come together, and side by side are trained for the lives that lie before them. Here they play together and work together. Here there should be absolutely no social distinction. Here true worth, real efficiency, and merit should receive their full recognition. Here every child, whether from the home of the banker, the blacksmith, the farmer, or from no home at all, should have the fullest opportunity for development and preparation. In each child there should be developed the same love of country and its institutions; in each, the same high social ideals. The state through the schools should help each child to live the highest life possible. The schools should be a place for training in mutual social service and cooperation. Each child should be led to live the highest life that is possible for him, a life not centered wholly in self but including the lives of others. The school is a social institution whose function is to train the young for their lives in a democracy.

CHAPTER VII

IDEALS OF HOME AND CHILDREN.

In the history of the world, the greatest thing that has ever been made by man is a home. Of all his achievements, the home is the greatest, for on it civilization rests. Without the home, civilization would sink back into the darkness and chaos of barbarism. From the home, man goes out each morning to his round of toil; through the day he carries his burden; in the evening, he returns again to his home. About the home his life revolves. In it he finds the motive for his work; it is for the loved ones there that he toils. The heat of the summer sun beats down on him in vain; the cold wind of the winter storm cannot blow too hard for him, for he has a home, and in that home are those whose lives are dearer to him than his own.

The home furnishes the motive for man's work; it also provides the inspiration and comfort which each day renew his strength and courage. Whatever the day may bring to him in pain or disappointment, the wife's welcome waits for him at night, and the baby's arms

around his neck and its kiss upon his cheek will heal and comfort his sore heart, so that on the morrow he can go forth again.

The tenderest ties are those of the home; the strongest bonds are those that bind us there. As the evening sun of our life nears its setting, and in retrospect we live our lives over again, of all the memories that come to us, the sweetest, the holiest, are those of childhood and its home. The vision of that home and its life stand out ever clear before us. It lives in our hearts. The house itself is a holy place; its fireplace an altar where sweetest incense burnt; before its blazing hearth on long winter evenings we lived the earthly heaven of childhood.

"Backward turn backward oh Time in your flight,
Make me a child again just for tonight."
Give me again my death mother's embrace;
Kindle once more in the old fireplace
The fire as it burned in the long ago,
When the hills were all covered with Christmas snow.
Place in the circle around its blaze
All who were dear to my youthful days.
Give me again the joys that I knew
In the home of my youth where hearts beat true.

Civilization rests upon the home. If the home is in danger, civilization is in danger. There

are today social forces at work which will eventually destroy the home if they are allowed to continue. In our consideration of social influences the first question which we should always ask is, what will be their effect on the home? The most dangerous of all such forces at present are those centering in the so called "emancipation of women." When the woman goes out of the home there is no home left. A home without a woman is like a body without a heart, a solar system without a central sun. The mother is the magnet which holds together all the parts of the home. Take her out of the home, fill her life with outside interests, and at once the home disintegrates, its members fly apart.

There are today too many outside interests which tend to weaken the influence of the home. The right kind of home should leave little room for other influences. Its amusements and the joys centering in the family life should be by far the strongest of all the forces which affect the child. The home, in many places, has lost its function. Not only is most of the work outside, but all its members go outside in search of excitement and amusement. The city bakery cooks our bread, the laundry cleans our clothes, the milkman brings our milk, the moving picture show supplies the daily amusement. Dur-

ing the day the members of the family are often at different places, engaged in different kinds of work; interests and attachments grow up outside the family, whose members do not often see each other. The result is that family ties are weak. The true home disappears; there is left a house where people meet for the night to sleep.

A home will not make itself. It is made by the united efforts of man and woman. The man provides the material part, the house, the food, the clothes; but his duty does not end here. The whole work of the management of the home and the rearing of the children should be planned and directed by both father and mother. However, the larger burden of making the home must fall to the mother. The education of every girl should include a training that will fit her for making a home; a training in the science and art of cooking, in sewing, in sanitation and hygiene, in nursing, and in all that science can teach her concerning the nature of children. Children go to school, but the greater part of their education should come from the mother; for this work, she must be prepared. She must learn how to beautify the home, how to make it a place where children and father will like to be. She should be skilled in music; she should

know books and be a good reader; she should know stories and how to tell them. The whole spiritual life of the children is in her keeping; if she fails, the family life fails. This preparation is her professional training, corresponding to the husband's professional training. This work will occupy all the mother's time. She should have no outside interests except in problems that bear on the home and its life. She should realize that her profession is the greatest of all professions; on her shoulders she carries the burden of civilization; she is the maker of home, the maker of men.

There cannot be much of a home without children. The state maintains public schools for the training of children; and while the training of the schools is important, it cannot compare with the influence of the home. The school originated as a supplement to home-training; it can never be more. This is especially true in the field of morals. Ideals of work, of truth, of honesty, of patience and perseverence, of duty, and of responsibility must come from the home. The teacher is the mother's helper. They should work in the closest co-operation, and mutual understanding.

The mother should plan for the daily life of her children; for their work and their play. She

should know where her children are and what they are doing. She should especially know and understand what they do at school. She should plan for their evenings, for their Saturdays and Sundays. One serious difficulty in the rearing of children is the difference in ideals between family and family as to the manner in which children should be reared. In some homes the children are given the greatest of care, and great pains are taken by the parents to develop in their children proper ideals and habits of conduct. And it may be that in homes nearby such pains and care are not taken; the parents themselves may hold quite different ideals of conduct. In one home the children may be allowed great freedom, may go wherever they please and when they please; some are allowed to fight; some are allowed to go to parties and dances at night, others are not. These great differences in ideals and procedure make it difficult for parents to follow out their own ideals in training their children. This difficulty can be overcome, at least in part, by the common training which girls should receive in school, and by neighborhood co-operation. If a group of people engage in any common enterprise they study their problems and come to some unity of purpose and of plans for the accomplishment of

their purposes. They must follow a similar course in the rearing of children. There must be considerable unity of ideals and of practice before individuals can live a common life as citizens of the same state and country. We must not destroy individualism, but there should not be two opinions in fundamental matters of morals. All children should receive the same training in matters of truth, honesty, integrity, industry, perseverance, sympathy, and civic spirit. To bring this about there must be complete understanding and agreement as well as the fullest co-operation among the homes. The place for these conferences in child-training should be the school house. There, parents should meet often, formally and informally, to talk over their common work, the making of men and women out of boys and girls. The school is *their* school and should be so conducted as to give them most help in the work of rearing and training their children.

The world today is in a state of ferment, of unrest and disorder. Everywhere men are searching for a plan of reconstruction, for some panacea that will cure social and political evils. The cure will be found only in the home and its teaching. Let us have homes founded on mutual affection and sympathy; in these homes,

let us train children in those virtues on which good citizenship must always rest. We cannot cure any serious social evils by the mere passage of laws; they can only be cured by making right the hearts of men; and the hearts of men will be made right only to the extent that the home and the influences auxilliary to the home succeed.

CHAPTER VIII.

IDEALS OF ART AND BEAUTY.

THIS is called an age of materialism. The last century has witnessed a material progress unparalleled in history. No thousand years before had seen man make such progress in reducing the forces of nature to his control. Every school boy is familiar with this progress. Electricity and steam have given us the telephone, the telegraph, electric motor, and the steam engine with all its manifold uses for power. We have seen the steamboat, the locomotive, and various machines such as the reaper, the threshing machine, the sewing machine, the cctton gin, the cream separator, the linotype, the automobile, one after another, take their indispensible places in our industries. In every town there is a factory. We have gone down into the earth for coal and metals, oil and gas; we have torn down the very mountains themselves. We have made nature give up her secrets. We know of the X-rays, the Hertzian waves and radium. We have weighed the atom, and measured the velocity of light. We sail

under the sea or in the air above at will. The railroads thread their endless ways through the country hauling the coal and minerals from the mines, produce and grain from the farms, and distributing the factory products of the cities far and wide throughout the land. Everywhere is the ceaseless hum of industry. But what of art? Has it made such progress? The energy of man is limited. During the last hundred years, that energy in America has been expended in reducing the forces of nature to the uses of man. The genius of our country has been building railroads and mills instead of writing poems and painting pictures. We boast of this great material progress, but we may well ask whether it profits man to harness all the forces of nature and remain the same man he was before. Have we reduced human misery? Have we increased human happiness? Have we gained in kindness and sympathy? Do we use our immense power to make the environment of man more beautiful? What does it profit us to ride over country roads at the rate of thirty miles an hour and over the railroads at the rate of sixty miles an hour if our homes are no happier than they used to be?

The great poems were written long ago, also the dramas, the epics, the novels. The great

paintings were painted years ago. We speak of Plato, Aeschylus, Shakespeare, Dante, Angelo, and Phidias. These men lived centuries ago. They never talked over a telephone or rode in a car, never received a wireless, although they seemed to receive spiritual messages from the gods. The plain and simple fact is that the happiness and higher spiritual life of man are largely independent of material things. It sometimes seems as if material success actually blunts the higher nature of man and makes him less sympathetic, less sensitive to the finer influences that surround him.

The knowledge, skill, and power that man now has, make it possible for him to beautify the face of the earth. We should begin with the home. Every family should live in a beautiful home. Society should not allow any family to live in an ugly, ill-constructed house. The house should have a yard with trees, shrubs, and flowers. Human life cannot flourish in the crowded tenements, and unspeakable hovels of the large cities. Inside, the house should be a cozy and pretty nest for happy people to live in. Everything in its should be good, substantial, beautiful —the rugs, the furniture, the pictures. We should train a race of people who will not be satisfied with anything cheap and poor and ugly.

Let us walk on the bare floors of our rooms until we can put beautiful rugs on them. Let us look at the clean, blank walls until we can hang on them a picture that is a real picture, one that will be a joy to look at and study as long as it hangs there, a picture that will enter into our lives and become a part of us, a picture in which some true artist has embodied a bit of the beautiful. If we can have only a print, a copy, let it be of a really great picture.

The same ideal should extend to everything in the home and in our lives, even to the dishes and the table and the cooking, but on this subject, let us hear Ruskin: "Learn first thoroughly the economy of the kitchen; the good and bad qualities of every common article of food, and the simplest and best modes of their preparation; when you have time, go and help in the cooking of poor families and show them how to make as much of everything as possible, and how to make little, nice; coaxing and tempting them into tidy and pretty ways, and pleading for well-folded table-clothes, however coarse, and for a flower or two out of the garden to strew on them. If you manage to get a clean table-cloth, bright plates on it, and a good dish in the middle, of your own cooking, you may ask leave to say a short grace, and let your

religious ministries be confined to that much for the present."

The books on our table and in our bookcase should be well bound, on good paper, well printed,—books that are worth reading more than once, and worth keeping. The books we like, our favorites,—we save up money so that we can buy them, one by one, in the best and most substantial bindings; we treasure them and keep them as long as we live. They too, like the good pictures, become part of our lives. We go to them daily for joy, consolation, and comfort.

Even our clothes should be the best we can possibly afford. It is true that clothes do not make the man; and we should never judge a man by what is on his body but rather by what is in his head. Nevertheless, we should have an ideal of possessing only what is good, what is suited for its purpose and function, and this ideal should include our clothes. Of course, we should have a sense of relative values. If we must decide between a book or a picture and a new suit of clothes, we should let the clothes wait if that is possible. While we should try to have beautiful houses, good and if possible, beautiful clothes, it should not be to excel our neighbors, but because we like good and beautiful things.

Into the possessions of ours with which we surround ourselves, we should put our individuality. *Our* soul, *our* conception of what is beautiful should be embodied in all we make or have; and we should not forget that the first element of beauty is that of fittingness, the appropriateness of the thing to fulfill its function. Lasting beauty cannot be a veneer. The most beautiful chair is a substantial chair made to sit in; one that gives us such comfort during the evening as we sit in it and read our favorite author that it is a pleasant memory through the day. The most beautiful house is the one best suited to the life and work of the people who live in it. The effect that substantial and beautiful things have on the lives of people cannot be overestimated. Our life is a unity. If we live in cheap houses, eat poor food in a dirty kitchen, read poor and ugly books, work with poor tools, our life will be low and our work, poor. We think more of ourselves if we are clean, and if our dress is good and suited to the work which we are doing. But let us not mistake or misunderstand the facts. It is more important that the soul be clean even though the body be clothed in rags. As between the beautiful and the good, we should choose the good. It is doubtful, however, that such a choice ever has

to be made. The beauty that abides is in the good, the thing that does what it is meant to do, that fills its place. We should be able to distinguish the superficially beautiful, the ephemerally beautiful, from the permanently beautiful.

If one should travel over the country, viewing the various works of man, among the ugliest things he would see are the school houses, particularly those of the country and small towns. The main principle that seems to be followed in their construction is a mathematical one, namely, the relation of maximum volume to minimum of inclosing surface. Some sacrifice to this principle is made in making the houses a little longer than wide. It is common to see in the country a school house and grounds so ugly, so desolate, so forlorn, that even the pigs and wild animals seem to avoid them. It should be unlawful to build in any district a school house that is not as good and as beautiful and as well furnished as the best dwelling in the district. The house should be built on the most beautiful location that is at all central, one if possible containing some large forest trees, for it takes a generation to grow a tree. The school grounds should contain several acres. The services of a competent architect should be secured in planning the house, and those of a landscape gardener in

laying off the grounds for the trees and shrubs and flower beds. The house and grounds should be the pride of the community. Nothing cheap or tawdry or ephemeral should find a place there. Public spirit should be such that a boy would rather cut his Sunday coat than a school desk or the bark on a school-yard tree. If the people are not able to have good furniture or pictures in their homes, they should at least have them in their school house, for *all* the children go there. What they are not able to buy individually for themselves, they can buy collectively for their common children. Everything in the school house should be the best that money can buy—books, maps, pictures, wallpaper, blackboards.

The grounds should include a large lawn, with beautiful and diversified shrubs and trees and flowers, wholly apart from the playground. The house, even in a country district, should have several rooms, and a basement under the whole house, and a good furnace. One room, even though small, should be for a library and museum. This room cannot be filled in a day, but as the years go by, the books, the collections, the pictures, can be added to, until eventually they will become priceless in value to the community.

Why should we go to all the expense necessary to make such a school as we have pictured?

Because it will pay. It will pay in better boys and girls; better men and women. In having only the best, only what is beautiful, at school, higher ideals of worth and beauty can be developed in the children. These ideals will have their effect on the homes and therefore raise the aesthetic and ethical life of the community. The beautiful school should simply be one of the means used to develop beautiful lives and bring a higher happiness to all the members of the community.

But can we have these things? Are they possible? Yes, if we want them. The money raised by this country for carrying on the Great War would be enough to put an ideal school house in every district in the land and to furnish each in the best of taste. Let us declare war on ignorance and poverty and sin and ugliness, and raise money by the billions for the prosecution of this war, else the other war shall have been won in vain.

Making the world beautiful must be largely the work of women, at least in plan and conception. In our common life together, what men shall do and what women shall do is merely a matter of the division of labor. In the very nature of things, the woman must be the home maker, and therefore the home beautifier. Her

first duty is to beautify it by *herself*, by giving her life to it, by earnestly taking up its duties and responsibilities, and embracing its opportunities. She should strive to have a home beautiful in every particular. In its material aspects the home should be pretty, the house, the yard, the garden. But more important still is the spiritual side of the home. Circumstances may limit the woman's power to make the home beautiful materially, but they need never limit her possibilities on the spiritual side. To be clean, to be neat, to wear a smile are not expensive. The humblest sort of home materially can be made radiantly beautiful by a woman.

CHAPTER IX.

IDEALS OF MORALS AND RELIGION.

Of all the factors that influence the life of man, bringing him sorrow and joy, by far the most important are his relations with his fellows. Our stronger emotions, love, hate, envy, jealousy, grief, sorrow, joy are excited chiefly by other men. The influence of nature and art and books may be strong but are not to be compared to the influences of our fellows. A human life by itself is incomplete; it demands the lives of others. We can get inspiration from a book, we can get courage from it. The mountains, the rivers, the shady woods in summer, or the snow covered woods in winter, may give us joy, but what is like the touch of a friendly hand? What is like a mother's love? On the other hand, what crushes the human heart as does the unkindness, the scorn, the contempt, the injustice of others? What is so terrible as a mother's pain from the injustice and ingratitude of her child? Our life is through and through a social life. We are all bound together by a thousand ties which we could not break if we would. In this common life together, certain types of action bring pain,

sorrow and sadness; other types of action bring well-being, happiness and contentment. As the ages have gone by, society has put its approval upon these types of action which experience has shown to be for the highest happiness of man; it has put its disapproval on those types which experience has shown to be detrimental to man's highest good. Racial experience has given us our social standards of morality. These standards are an evolution; they have changed somewhat from one age to another. The changes, however, for the last two or three thousand years, have been for the most part, in non-essentials and unimportant details. The fundamental bases of character as held by thinking men have remained much the same, throughout the ages since we have had historic records. The oldest moral teachings in our Bible are largely the same as the best teaching of today. A few changes only have been fundamental. For example, Jesus said, "It hath been said, An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth: But I say unto you, That ye resist not evil."

Man has been here a long time; how long, no one knows. For hundreds of centuries he has been slowly making his upward way, from the brute to the savage, from savage to man. Thousands of years ago he lifted up his hands and

his head. His fight with the elements and the wild animals was a long fight. Man's road has been strewn with blood. Our ancestors, brute and savage, have been travelling this bloody road for perhaps millions of years. Civilization is but a matter of today and yesterday. The heritage we carried out of the woods is akin to the nature of the tiger. It is bred deep in our very nerves and flesh and bones. Most of our failures in the world of morals are due to the fact that we do not take proper account of the age and strength of innate human nature. This nature cannot be transformed over night. It is not changed by a person's learning a few moral and religious maxims. It can be changed only by our building up a new nature based on habit, a building that in the case of each individual requires some twenty years of the hardest kind of work on the part of parents and teachers. And the building must be erected on original human nature. Underneath there always smoulder the fires of the original man who was our father in the woods. Under favorable circumstances, we keep down this smouldering fire, but at any moment it may break forth. Every day somewhere we see its blaze in angry flashing eyes, or in the scorn of an upturned lip, or in a cutting word, or perchance in the blow of a human hand.

As the centuries have gone by man has learned many things. He has learned that if he is to live with his fellows in any degree of contentment and happiness, he and they must observe certain rules of action, the most important having reference to truth, honesty, industry, sympathy and civic spirit. Out of the crucible of human experience have come five principles, tried and tested through thousands of years—five principles so essential to human happiness that they are not only the basis of morality but of religion as well, in so far as religion affects morality.

In our communication, we must be truthful; in our dealings, we must be honest. There can be no harmonious relations without these two virtues. This we have known from the time of Solomon, and much longer; but how far we are from living up to a high conception of these virtues! The strongest efforts of the home and school should be exerted to develop in children truth and honesty. So necessary are they to our social and individual well-being that they should be ever held before the child as among the highest goals of human ambition.

All should work. He who does not produce as much as he consumes is a thief, he lives on the labor of others. If each would do his proper

share of work, it would lighten the labor of all. To be an idler is a sin because it increases the burden of all.

Civic spirit is necessary because of our common life in society. The institutional machinery of society and government is immense. Each of us must do his part, and must always have the proper attitude toward the social work. Roads and streets must be built and kept up. Laws must be made and administered. They do not make themselves nor administer themselves. They are *our* laws; *we* make them. Making the world a better world is *our* work, the mutual work of all. He that will not do his part of the common work of society is a sinner; he is holding back instead of pulling ahead.

In sympathy, we find the heart and core of the Christian religion, the central teaching of Jesus. We can work, tell the truth, and be honest, but unless we love our brother, the world is still a cold and bare world. The greatest force in the world is love. It is human affection that binds the family together, gives us strength and courage for our daily toil, and inspiration for our highest efforts. As the poet puts it:

"It is the heart and not the brain,
That to the highest doth attain;
And he who followeth love's behest,
Far excelleth all the rest."

Truth, honesty, industry, civic spirit, and sympathy are the cardinal virtues on which civilization stands. There can be no satisfactory social life without them. The civilization of any time is high or low according as the people stand high or low in their practice of these virtues. Our ideals of these virtues should constitute our standards, our criteria, which we should apply to all proposals for social reform, to all social movements that are likely to bear on morality. We should always ask: Will this thing make for or against the fundamental virtues? If the thing proposed will undermine either of them, to the same extent it will undermine one of the necessary conditions of civilized life. Without truth and honesty, social and business life is chaos; without industry on the part of all, injustice is put upon some; unless all have proper civic spirit—unless all carry their proper share of the common burdens—injustice is done to some and social progress is retarded; and without a real and genuine sympathy, a happy social life is impossible.

So fundamental are these corner stones of character and morality that they should be ever held as the highest aims of teaching. They should stand as primary, as taking precedence over all other things. We should hold these virtues in such high esteem that we should consider all other characteristics or possessions as worthless without them. Althought these virtues are merely means to an end—the end being a happy social life—they are such absolute and necessary conditions of all decent and worthy life, we should hold them and strive after them as if they were really ends in themselves, because nothing worth having comes without them. The whole experience of man bears testimony to the fact that they are the *sine qua non* of all desirable social existence.

In our religion we have been too much concerned about the hereafter, and not enough about the present life. We have been too much concerned about the beliefs and doctrines and not enough about practice. We want a religion for this life and this world. It was such a religion that Jesus taught, but it has been so perverted that he would not recognize it in some of its present forms. If He should appear among us today and attend some aristocratic church, an

usher would seat Him in some obscure corner, if indeed he would give Him a seat at all.

What humanity needs more than anything else, is kind hearts and a real and genuine feeling of brotherhood. No one cares for pity; no one cares for maudlin sympathy, nor sympathy that is condescension. What all do care for is the genuine love of a sincere heart. The world needs no new religion; it needs to *live* its old religion. It is a travesty to the Christian religion for a woman wearing a fifty-dollar hat and a hundred dollar dress to go to church to worship while some of her neighbors are suffering for want of clothes or food. She prays in the name of Jesus, but Jesus did not put his approval on such practices. If we could have social and economic justice, most of the misery of the world would disappear; kindness and sympathy would lessen the remaining misery.

Let the schools teach the true religion of Jesus, the religion of love; let them teach that each man is our brother; let them teach that whatever distinctions we make among men should be based on *real* worth, not on surface indications; let them condemn idleness, insincerity, and unkindness; and glorify work, truth, and sympathy.

Morality and religion are really two different things. Morality grows out of man's relation to his fellows; religion, out of his relation to God. Religion is of practical significance only in so far as it affects man's life here. To the extent that one's belief in God, or in life hereafter affects his actions and his dealings with his fellow man, his religion is identical with morality. But there is no necessary connection between religious beliefs and moral actions. One can believe that there is a God and that the human soul is immortal and be either a good man or a bad man. On the other hand, one can believe that there is no God and that the human soul is mortal, and he be either a good man or a bad man. The belief itself, no matter what it is, makes one neither good nor bad. Religion is effective in our lives if we believe there is a God who wishes us to do right, and because of this belief, we *do* right. It is also effective if we believe in rewards and punishments after death—heaven hereafter for those who are good here, and hell for those who are bad—and because of this belief we do good here in order to escape the punishments of hell and receive the rewards of heaven. It is evident, therefore, that religion is of practical value for this life to the extent that it affects our actions here.

The experience of men through the ages teaches us that this life is hardly worth the living unless we are kind and just. In all our dealings and associations with our fellows we must, in a measure, identify their interests with ours. If our neighbor is in trouble or in pain, we must relieve him if we can; if he is in need, we should give him such help as is in our power. We should not only try to make a living for ourselves, but should work for the common good, for better things, a better life for all. Precisely this was the teaching of Jesus, and such a doctrine is the basis of the ethical principles of the Christian religion.

This teaching is very simple and it is very clear. Its soundness is founded not only on the life and example of Jesus, but on those of other great moral and religious teachers, and on the experience of man. It need not be clouded by theological dogma, superstition, or tradition. It is the moral and religious voice of the ages. It carries the weight and authority of the good men of all races and of all times.

It is a great pity that the religious forces of the world should be divided. The essential moral principles embodied in all religions are included in the Golden Rule: Do unto others as you would have them do to you. There is little room

for difference of opinion here. All men can accept this doctrine—a doctrine so simple that it can be taught to children. But it must be remembered that no teaching is effective except as it is incorporated into our practice. The mere acceptance of a doctrine will not make us good. Herein lies one of the causes of failure in the work of some religious teachers; they too often emphasize mere belief. An ideal held on Sunday is of no value unless it enters into the actual life of Monday.

We should have a high conception of the sacredness and sanctity, as well as the possibilities, of all human life. We should hold to no narrow creed and to no restricted brotherhood. Ultimately the fate of all humanity is bound up together. Lincoln said that this nation could not endure half slave and half free. In much the same sense, we may now say that the world can not exist half slave and half free. The discoveries and inventions of the last century have brought us all together, and made us neighbors in a truer sense than was ever the case before. The peoples of all other lands are now our close neighbors. Whatever may be their fate, is ultimately ours; what is ours, is also theirs. As long as any considerable group of people have low

ideals and customs of life, are hampered by superstition, tradition, and ignorance, we are all in danger. It must be our high ideal to free the mind of every man whose life is shackled by bonds that keep him from the truth and from the highest things that are possible for him. But let us not forget that while knowledge makes us free, freedom has its responsibilities. The more we know, the clearer we see the truth, the greater is our responsibility, not only in making our own lives harmonize with the clearer vision, but in helping others to live the highest life possible to them.

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